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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	211	Shorter Notices	219
Dr. Lyttelton's Conscience	212	Fiction	219
War and Women.....	212	Royal Auction	220
Boniface and the War	214	The Theatre:	
England's Leader	215	An Essay in Review.....	220
Reviews:		"The New Word"	221
Prussia's Blood - Guiltiness	216	Motoring	221
A Brother's Tribute	217	The City	222
Two Wondrous Beings	218	Correspondence	222
		Books Received	223

Notes of the Week

The Progress of the War

THE sweeping on of Russia into Hungary, the further bombardment of the Dardanelles with the Russian fleet assisting from the Black Sea, and the capture of the Hartsmannswilerkopf by the French are, apart from the operations of the pirates, the chief features of the war during the past few days. Austria and Germany are realising to the full the significance of the fall of Przemysl. The fighting in the Carpathians has been severe. Hardly less severe, though less titanic, has been the struggle in the Argonne. General French has nothing of importance to report; but he has sent a note to the Duke of Connaught paying a high tribute to the Canadian troops which will be greatly appreciated in Canada. The Canadians have already done good service in trying conditions, and of the Princess Patricias General French says he does not remember ever to have seen a more magnificent looking battalion. The reinforcement of the Army which has held the trenches throughout the winter by such contingents and the new battalions raised in England is of excellent augury. The Allies grow stronger as the enemy weakens.

Unintelligent Anticipation

Germany is still talking of ultimate victory, though confidence is now proclaimed in a minor key. The French Official Review of the war has thrown light on the situation which will not, of course, be allowed to find its way into the homes of Germany. A careful analysis of the wastage of eight months of war makes it pretty clear that Germany cannot have more than 2,000,000 effectives available; moral has been affected equally with material. Prisoners alone understand how the country has been fooled by false report. On those captured in the West have been found German postcards entitled "Souvenir of the Capture of Warsaw," and on those captured in the East postcards which purported to be "Souvenirs of the Capture of Calais." The German army has sustained many reverses: its biggest will surely come when the lies come home to roost.

Germany's Loaded Dice

Mr. Balfour's at once powerful and restrained statement on Germany's alleged "blockade" and the reprisals instituted by the British Government can only induce regret that his fine brain and clear vision are not actively engaged in the service of the country. Per-

haps, however, Mr. Balfour's support of a policy for which he was in no way responsible may be the best service he could render after all. Neutrals will find it hard to challenge his views of the "conclusive moral justification" of Great Britain's Order in Council. International law can impose no penalties and can therefore only be effective when it is observed by both sides. Germany has chosen to violate every rule of the game, and Great Britain replies without menace to the life or property of a single neutral. "If," says Mr. Balfour, "the rules of warfare are to bind one belligerent and leave the other free they cease to mitigate suffering; they only load the dice in favour of the unscrupulous." Britain's policy is a reply to an attack "not only illegal, but immoral."

The Pirates at their Worst

The force of Mr. Balfour's reasoning will have been carried right home by the operations of the German submarines during the week. The pirates have enjoyed—we use the word advisedly—a larger measure of success in the last few days. They have sent more ships to the bottom—one or two after exciting encounters—have attacked a Dutch ship apparently with intent to show that neutrals run the same risk as the British, and have achieved their master-stroke in criminality by sinking the Elder Dempster liner *Falaba*. More than a hundred of the passengers and crew were drowned, and according to the statements of survivors the men on the submarine jeered at their victims struggling for life in the water. An outrage of so abominable a character must bring recruits to the ranks of those who contend that every submarine crew caught should be hanged. It is not war, but murder.

Queer Patriotic Fish

British viceroys, politicians, and working-men must appear to the non-British observer to be the queerest of queer patriotic fish. Here is the Empire putting forth the biggest effort it has made in all history, spending its blood and its treasure in the greatest of world wars; at such a time the Government of India and the Government at home attempt to force through a controversial measure, and British working-men insist on a Saturday to Monday strike. Lord Kitchener may yet have to give effect to his thinly veiled threat to take steps to compel the man in the factory to do his duty: a better, certainly in some cases a more uncongenial, method would be to cut off the drink, which is Mr. Lloyd George's way. Temperance in other directions is an Imperial desideratum. Lord Hardinge might cultivate it in his Viceregal rhetoric. His disappointment that the House of Lords did not pass the United Provinces Executive Council scheme—a drastic change as to which opinion here and in India is sharply divided—is easy to understand. What is not easy to understand is that he should make the postponement the occasion of a mere party attack on the peers from the Viceregal throne. The measure ought never to have been brought forward at this juncture. On every ground the affair is most regrettable.

Dr. Lyttelton's Conscience

DR. LYTTELTON meant what he said at St. Margaret's, Westminster; his explanation in response to criticisms from all sorts and conditions of men makes that quite clear. The Kaiser should at once forward him an Iron Cross. Germany hates England with a hatred which Dr. Lyttelton even admits is diabolical, and he seems to think he will do something to minimise that hatred by tenderness in the hour of reckoning. Germany who, as the Bishop of Birmingham points out, has never loved England, hates her now for a good reason. England has prevented Might from proving itself Right. Dr. Lyttelton, so far as we are aware, has never shown any particular tenderness to those on whom it is his province to sit in judgment. International politics are outside his province, and his tenderness, with ulterior motives no doubt, is the most obvious thing about him. What line would Dr. Lyttelton take if he caught a murderer or a burglar red-handed? In order to secure the malefactor's future regard, would he let him go? We know not. Germany is both murderer and burglar, and must be punished though she never again has a kindly thought for us. She must be made to realise that a world cannot with impunity be plunged in tragedy and sorrow at the bidding of vainglory. All talk of internationalising the Kiel Canal shocks Dr. Lyttelton, unless Great Britain is prepared to internationalise Gibraltar. If Dr. Lyttelton were not so earnest and correct a man we should suspect him of a very grim and not altogether desirable joke. Before he committed himself to any sentiment so palpably absurd he might have taken a moment's thought of the history and purpose of Gibraltar and the Kiel Canal. They are not identical. One might almost ask Dr. Lyttelton to carry his argument to its logical conclusion and advocate the restoration of Constantinople to the Turks if it is taken from them. Or does his Christian charity stop at Christian Germany, which has been responsible for as many horrors in a few weeks as Turkey was ever responsible for in a generation? What has Great Britain done that she should part with a single inch of her overseas territory? Germany forces Armageddon, and to win back her trust when we have helped to beat her we are to give up something equal to whatever Germany may be compelled to surrender. Dr. Lyttelton himself recognises the stupidity of the idea. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of justice, of logic, and of Christianity. Advocacy of any such course would certainly make us the laughing-stock of the world if it were seriously proposed by a responsible statesman. "England"—by which, of course, Dr. Lyttelton means Great Britain, a detail which a schoolmaster might respect—"must stand forward and play the part of a trustful nation and be prepared for self-sacrifice."

What other part than that of self-sacrifice has Great Britain taken in this war? What other part than that of self-sacrifice did he himself advocate at Windsor, at Cromer, and other places when he made recruit-

ing speeches containing no hint that men were to give their lives for the mere sake of imposing a temporary check on Germany's outrageous designs? Would Dr. Lyttelton, with the example of Belgium before his eyes, trust Germany with a single interest he holds dear? No nation in history presents a worse case of broken pledges, of insidious intrigue, of grasping greed, of inordinate ambition, and the one sure thing of the future, unless Europe becomes hypnotised, is that such terms will be imposed upon Germany as will make it for ever impossible for her again to become a menace to the countries whose sole desire is to work and live in peace and security. Germany has made up her mind that Belgium is to be hers, and why? Because Belgium objected to her territory, the neutrality of which Germany had solemnly undertaken to respect, being made a highway for German armies intended to overrun another country also a guarantor of Belgian neutrality. No punishment that can be imposed on Germany can make amends for the criminal conceit which promised her victory if she struck swiftly and in vast numbers. Germany's hymn of hate will become more raucous as she becomes more impotent. She would, as the Bishop of Birmingham says, mistake generosity for weakness: nor is this the time to suggest generosity. The "partnership of nations," for which Dr. Lyttelton enters a plea, will not be advanced by leaving Germany in a position to strike again the moment she is ready. He thinks that the humiliation of Germany will mean that "this awful war will have been fought in vain." It certainly will have been fought in vain if Germany is to be treated as a misguided innocent. Germany will not be subject to the barbarism which marks her own methods, but she will assuredly have to pay heavily for her manifold crimes. The playing-fields of Eton are an historic protest against the access of a cosmopolitan rather than a Christian Conscience on the part of Eton's headmaster. If his latest views were to prevail within his own jurisdiction, then Eton as the great seminary of patriotism would be in danger. The ideals of Prussian Kultur are an inversion of the ideals of Eton. Dr. Lyttelton would apparently give them another chance. Eton, the Empire, and its Allies can only register an emphatic disclaimer.

War and Women

OPPORTUNITY AT LAST

SI X months ago a series of articles appeared in THE ACADEMY, foretelling the crisis in the labour organisation of the country which has now arisen, and urging on the one hand the women of England to make adequate preparation, and on the other urging the Government to afford them facilities, opportunity, and, if necessary, patronage—above all, to organise the forces at their disposal.

Since then more things have happened in the lives of individuals and in the administration of the war than were at that time dreamed of; each succeeding week has

shown more clearly the strength of the enemy in men, in munitions, in supplies—above all, in patriotism and in a set determination to win at all costs, visible in all ranks and in both sexes, which is nothing short of heroic, however much we disagree with the ideals inspiring it. The corresponding weeks in England have seen a gradual awakening to the intensity and seriousness of the struggle among all classes, a splendid response by the majority to the claims made upon them, and among the women of England an ever-increasing desire to express their loyalty and devotion to their country in deeds as well as words. All over the land women have volunteered for hospital and relief work, have worked quickly, consistently, and in most instances admirably. They have not been without criticism. During these months there have many times been made comparisons between our wives and mothers and those of the Fatherland, often to their disparagement, because they have not shown the enthusiasm, the so-called devotion, the hysterical abandon of feeling with which the German women send forth their men to danger and to death. The reason is not far to seek, and is all to the credit of England. Our women do not welcome war; they are under no illusions as to its monstrous nature; they hate it desperately, even while they minister with kindness to the men who have forced it on them.

The women of Germany have been taught to love the spirit of militarism; it is an obsession; they delight in that which is the sport of that devil in man that no amount of education can exorcise, and they hate with vindictive fervour the men they have forced into this evil thing. We in this country loathe the act and the principle of war, its insensate waste, its outrage upon the very soul of civilisation, its dragging of the banner of love through hideous streams of blood and hatred; it is with no sense of exaltation that we can enrol our services in such a conflict, only with the knowledge that it is inevitable if we are to avert the eclipse of truth and justice in a reign of perverted power.

Were it not for the heroism of our soldiers, for the strange power of good to spring from evil that appears unmitigated, there are countless women to-day who would find death preferable to the agony of imagination that follows the fate of those stricken countries where war is raging, of the thin lines of khaki-clad men who represent what is dearest in life to them, who know not which pain is greater to bear—that which the papers reveal to them day by day, or all that is left unsaid and that they agonise to know. Surely it is harder far than fighting to stand aside and wait.

The only solace of such women is to serve. The only happiness left is in ministry. The way to forgetfulness lies in work. There is but one thing left to those of us who hate war with an unholy hatred—it is so to prosecute this world-war that such a struggle may be for ever in the future impossible. This we owe to our consciences; we owe to those who have fallen, to future heroes, to our children, and to unborn generations.

And week by week the tide of events makes it more clear that such an ending will only be possible by virtue of the thorough, unselfish, and practical co-operation of the women of England.

Their duty is to release every man of age for military service, to fill his place when practicable, or to enable older men to do so, and, beyond this, to carry on the work inevitable to the administration of the war. The immediate necessity is for the individual woman to find out by expert advice what is the particular service she should render to her country, then to set about and perform it as efficiently as lies in her power.

So far women have specialised in their service. Nursing, knitting, caring for refugees, have filled the bill. All admirable, each necessary, but quite inadequate to the needs of the present crisis. Six months ago it was pointed out in these pages that women would be forced to fill the gaps left by our volunteers, that they must come forward to liberate men, and further that a great part of the manufacture of the munitions of war would inevitably fall to their share.

The recent action of the Government confirms all these predictions; but even now the nation is by no means awake to the tax that is being levied so heavily on its strength. We need more plain speaking, more looking of facts squarely in the face, and of stating them in such a way that there shall be no possibility of mistaking their importance.

We must have an adequate army. This army must be fed, clothed, supplied generously with the elaborate and expensive equipment essential to the carrying on of modern warfare. The amount of ignorance still existing among our girls, our young women and mothers on these vital questions is inconceivable. Our suffrage societies and other organisations have an immense field in which to work, possessing as they do undoubted powers for good, for raising women to higher levels of thought, better ideals of life than are theirs at present.

It is not want of patriotism that will hinder the women from rallying to their country's need; it is want of knowledge, want of organisation, want of training. The grim hand of war has not touched our cities,

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blackened our homes, defiled our hearths—it is to us in its awful reality a dream. From that dream we must awaken, lest it become in truth a fact.

For years the educated women of England have implored the heavens to give them equal powers of citizenship with men, of privilege, of usefulness, have besought them for their less favoured sisters. Now these privileges are put into their hands. There is no limit to the opportunity open to women at the moment. Nor can there be any excuse which hinders them from rising to their destiny. Only once do the gods beckon to men; if they are not recognised, they show themselves no more. In particular is this the time of opportunity.

Boniface and the War

BY F. G. AFLALO

THE first six months of war have brought the realisation that, whereas in normal times it is for men to work and for women to weep, there are many men, particularly of the so-called artistic professions, writers, painters, and musicians, who are temporarily debarred from working and who may well refrain from weeping, since tears mend no troubles. Yet, of all the sufferers from the tyranny of war, few are more to be pitied than the innkeepers in the track of the swaying armies. To a less extent, indeed, it is probable that hotel life generally, even in neutral countries ordinarily favoured by tourists, has felt the effects of the crisis.

Almost the whole of the holiday exodus to Switzerland and Italy would have been accomplished if the war had broken out a month later, and the delays and difficulties of returning home would have mitigated the losses of innkeepers faced by an abnormally short season. As it was, comparatively few people had won free from the claims of the London season, and those who had left home made all haste to return. One hotel more than all the rest in Europe has looked out on the fringe of hostilities, and that is the old Three Kings at Basle, from the low balcony of which, overhanging the swirling waters of the Rhone, the cannon of the opposing hosts has more than once been plainly heard. Yet Basle itself is as immune as New York, the combatants rivalling each other in avoiding all possibility of offending Swiss susceptibilities.

The German hotels have yet to feel the pinch, and one of the last of them to suffer will be the Adlon, which stands at the top of Unter den Linden, close to the Brandenburger Thor. It is a showy hostelry, with admirable food and expensively furnished rooms, and its prices are prohibitive to German economy. I recollect spending a week there during the Gordon Bennett balloon race, and meeting poor Charlie Rolls, who was one of the competing aeronauts, and I have sometimes wondered during the past few months how the great hall would look filled with Cossacks and other

uninvited guests. Long before the windows of the Adlon have been broken by the shock of cannon, the Dom Hotel, which stands within the shadow of Cologne Cathedral, will have opened its gates to the invader, and shells will have burst in the pretty garden of the Grand Hotel at Bonn. These are futurities, but the hand of war has already lain heavy on many a "home from home" that has given some of us shelter. Notably there is the Hotel des Postes at Dinant, which stands at one end of the now battered bridge and looks across at the crumbled citadel and desecrated church. The view from its balcony, up and down the lazy Meuse, was better than its cuisine, but it is mournful to think of its rooms deserted through a whole season.

With the slow but sure pushing in of the war area on east and west, the great hotels of Russian cities are in even less danger than our own. With the memory of 1812 to warn him, even a madman would hardly plan a winter invasion of the dominions of the Tsar, and it is beyond our wildest imaginings that the tide of battle should ever roll to the portico of the Hotel d'Europe at Petrograd. There is, however, another hotel on Russian territory, where, also, I have sojourned, which, until Turkey's weakness was revealed, seemed not unlikely to suffer damage, and that is the Hotel d'Angleterre (kept, when I knew it, by a German) at Tiflis, capital of the Caucasus. Tiflis is a turbulent centre at the best of times, and the Cossacks entrusted with keeping order among the disaffected Tartars, Armenians, and Georgians enjoy no sinecure. It looks, however, as though Prussian militarism has, here as elsewhere, achieved the impossible, and welded every warring faction in one united front against the common foe, so that all apprehension of an even temporary and partial Turkish success in the region made famous by the memory of Schamyl is gone.

The death-blow to hotel life during anxious times in which economy is the order of the day suggests reflections on its significance under normal conditions. The inn has become a necessity with the wane of old-time hospitality, and, indeed, the number and vogue of a country's inns are in inverse proportion to the hospitality of the residents. The vast majority of their patrons are birds of passage in holiday mood. It is not to be denied that a generation which has forsaken all that a home meant to its grandparents for the microcosmic comforts of flats also finds it possible to take up permanent residence in hotels, but their homeless atmosphere in perpetuity would outrage anyone of quiet tastes. For a little while the tired wayfarer may find restful welcome in the perfect inn, the hallmark of which is absolute simplicity. It is a very ancient institution, and there were inns much older than that overcrowded one at Bethlehem. Its low-roofed bedrooms are dimly lit by candles, and know not the garish flicker of electric light. Its one waiter knows no German. Its food is plain, but good. It savours rather of the old coaching-house, and has no truck with the gingerbread palaces of American cities.

The best of these old inns lie in backwaters out of

the ebb and flow of the fashionable world. There is one at the little hamlet of Skenfrith, close to the Welsh border, that listens day and night to the merry babble of the hurrying Monnow. A second is that at Pont Aven, kept by "Julia," and adjoining the alluring Bois d'Amour that marches with one of the prettiest little streams in Western Brittany. I could name others in Spain, but they are unquestionably not free from the drawback which made one traveller of other days hire three lusty Moors to hold him still all through the night, rather than trust his tingling body to such bedfellows as are commonly provided in the land of Cervantes.

Here and there in the countries at war, famous hotels are adapting themselves to the altered circumstances and giving asylum to the wounded. One in the fashionable quarter of Paris, and a second familiar to two generations of tourists on the Riviera, have already become famous in this novel sphere of utility. But these are the exceptions. The majority are silent and deserted. It is part of the fortunes of war.

Two more hotels recur to memory that may tremble at our naval guns before the war is many weeks older. One of these overlooks a little bay in the Island of Prinkipo, one of the archipelago in the Sea of Marmora, which, having outlived the historic associations of the Byzantine era, now welcomes a crowd of summer tourists, mainly well-to-do Greeks and Armenians from the Turkish capital. The other is in that unhappy city itself. In the lounge of the Pera Palace I have seen most of that rabble of renegades and conspirators called Young Turks sipping their coffee and hatching their plots, and its top windows, from which we watched the first cannon fire on the city that April morning in 1909, may yet look down on a scene of retribution certain to overtake these false ones who have dared in the mockery of their hearts to proclaim a holy war that only those may promulgate who honour the teachings of the Prophet.

England's Leader

"It is the spirit that quickens."

I.

HIGH o'er the lion-guarded square, at his lone lofty post,
Unmoved and calm his semblance stands
How fares it with his ghost?
How dreams he of the Land whose peace, dear-bought,
 was his reward?—
"Again unharboured are her ships, unscabbarded her sword!"

II.

"The Land to which I gave my life, whose laurels
 crown my head
I knew her in the days of old—I knew the men she
 bred!"

Within her grim and simple strife no complex soul
 appeared,—

She spared and loved the thing she tamed, and hated
 all she feared.

III.

"Unweakened, when the dial worked the hours in sunlit
 bloom,
Undazzled, when the lightning showed the splendid
 path to doom,
Unbroken, when the evening bell tolled forth the bitter
 score—
‘A thousand for the ocean bed, a dozen for the shore!’"

IV.

"So was she in the days I knew. But is she now the
 same?
By new and subtler ways of war her sons attain their
 fame.
Strange skill, strange wiles, undreamed by me, they
 need, who would prevail,
Whose troops must storm the heights of heaven, whose
 ships the depths must sail."

V.

Yet comes the answer: "Lead us still, whate'er the
 way we wend.
Like cloud and fire thy pillar make, and lead us to
 the end.
Still in the thousand shifting forms the changeless
 mind must dwell,
Still grimly simple is the soul that thwarts the powers
 of hell."

VI.

"Unweakened, when the dial tells the hours in sunlit
 bloom,
Undazzled, when the lightning shows the splendid path
 to doom,
Unbroken, at the evening bell, howe'er may stand the
 score—
For God, Who made the men of old, remakes them
 evermore!"

G. M. HORT.

The death of Professor T. del Marmol on March 15 will remind our readers that for some time he contributed to THE ACADEMY a series of interesting articles on scientific subjects. He had original ideas, though when we find him credited in the *English Mechanic* with being "the author of the theory of connection between planetary conjunctions and disasters" we are forced to remember that this idea is probably a thousand or two years old. Professor Marmol was well known in the world of astronomy, and his contributions to scientific literature, in three or four languages, will be greatly missed.

REVIEWS

Prussia's Blood-Guiltiness

When Blood Is Their Argument. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

M R. FORD MADOX HUEFFER occupies in relation to the philosophical and literary side of Germany pretty much the same position that Mr. Ellis Barker holds to the economic and political side. Both know Germany as thoroughly as—shall we say?—Lord Haldane knew it, and neither has been concerned to prove to a world anxious to believe the best that Germany's motives, ambitions, and education were innocent and admirable attributes embodying menace to none save her enemies. Mr. Hueffer, in his own often delightful and always discursively logical way, has built up an indictment against the Hohenzollerns and Prussia which is something more than an echo of the many counterblasts already issued to the Treitschke-Bernhardi school. The book reduced to a phrase might perhaps be said to show how German culture—the real thing—has been prostituted and materialised by the relentless military spirit of Prussia. Germany has been dragooned since 1871 till the humanities have disappeared in a cast-iron *régime* making the correctness of a comma in a classic of more moment than the classic itself. If Prussia had destroyed the best that was in Germany in order to complete her own hegemony—the fate of the German States is the world's most eloquent warning against any truckling to Prussian pretensions over a larger area—she has also turned learning into merest pedagoguery. The German university—whose cheapness and thoroughness have been taken advantage of by so many thousands of Britons and Americans—has come to stand in Germany itself for a temple of class distinction. Democracy has no chance under the Prussian system. The man who has not been to a university is without hope of preferment in Germany; the man who by his commercial or industrial genius, be he banker or manufacturer or distributor, possibly with social and mental gifts of an infinitely higher order than those of any mere official who managed to secure a pass with the aid of a crammer, is an outsider according to the standard fixed by Junkerdom. Does this account to some extent for the eagerness with which so many successful German traders and manufacturers have sought opportunities in England, where, to our own undoing in various ways, they have been honoured as they would never have been at home?

With all his material for a crushing *exposé* of the culture of modern Germany, Mr. Hueffer does not make the mistake of suggesting that none of the constructive ability which distinguished the great men of the German universities between 1810 and 1848 remains in Germany to-day. What he does point out, and point out with an ease which is almost over-convincing, is that Prussia and the Emperor William II, through Ministers of Education who were mere creatures themselves of the *régime*, "have done everything that they

could to crush out the constructive spirit and to limit the academic activities purely to what are known as 'Forschungen.' And 'Forschungen' Prussia conceives primarily as exercises having no necessary relation to learning, to philosophy, or to the arts, but simply as exercises in discipline. As far as Prussia is concerned, a young man might as well receive his doctorate for tabulating the number of times the letter "t" was defectively printed in British Blue Books between the year 1892 and the year 1897 as for a collection of theories since Sir Thomas Browne's days as to what songs the Sirens sang." The present system of university training in Germany, says Mr. Hueffer, at best affords slender hopes of new Mommsens, and at worst crushes out such intellects. Essentially Prussian education has created a nation of monomaniacs—"hardly a proud record for a great civilisation. Yet it is nearly all that Prussia has to show in the realms of the humarer occupations." In that view Mr. Hueffer has support from German professors who have escaped the blighting influence. "The Prussian professor of philosophy is to be a monomaniac, knowing nothing of the world; the Prussian official is to be a monomaniac, thinking of nothing but officialism; the Prussian schoolboy is to be a monomaniac, instructed in and thinking of nothing but the glories of the House of Hohenzollern and the spread of Prussianism. And the thing that is important for the whole world to consider is that, if Prussia wins the present struggle, not merely every inhabitant of the European combatant and conquered States, but every inhabitant of the whole world, will have of necessity to become a monomaniac instead of a reasonable human being." Even the Headmaster of Eton might have to become the humble, obedient exponent of ideas dictated from Potsdam!

The "don't crush Germany" advocates will be the better for a good strong dose of Huefferism, and, so far as Germany has been leavened by the Prussian spirit, they may find occasion to modify the flabby sentimentality which would pardon a Nero for the sake of his fiddle. Keep the fiddle, but hang Nero, if possible to its strains called forth by worthier fingers. In 1871 the German States welcomed with some enthusiasm, but also some misgiving, the unity to which Prussia had paved the way by outrages on Denmark, Austria, and France; to-day the greater part of them have felt the iron heel, and Mr. Hueffer's personal experiences induce a certain wonder that some of them have not already seized the occasion to break away from the monstrous tyranny. We have heard much of the wealth Germany has accumulated as the result of her industrial research and her economic methods. Her material wealth has not been shared with German culture, the history of which Mr. Hueffer sums up in one word: Poverty. "The whole history of Germany," he says, "is one long chronicle of strivings on the part of civilians to attain to material prosperity and of strivings even more efficient on the part of emperors, kings, sovereign princes, and foreign generals to destroy in campaign after campaign whatever material prosperity

the peaceful citizens of Germany could attain to." German victories in 1870 were regarded not only by Treitschke but by Carlyle as the resultant of German culture; Nietzsche protested that, if such an idea were allowed to grow, it would sound the death-knell of the true German spirit. Mr. Hueffer's book surely proves Nietzsche a true prophet. And perhaps the secret may be found in the motto which Mr. Hueffer takes from Michael Williams in his talk with Henry V at Agincourt: "How can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is in their argument?" We need not accept as unchallengeable all that Mr. Hueffer says; he must be forgiven an occasional lapse into a semi-Shavian order of paradox; he is himself conscious that some allowance must be made for the personal equation; we may, however, discount much, and still Prussia cannot hope to escape a verdict of Guilty. The Court of Culture cannot with propriety give heed to any plea for mercy to either the Hohenzollerns or the Prussian bureaucrats; the rest of the States in the Empire of Germany might be let off with less rigorous penalties on their undertaking to sever all connection with the proven arch-criminal against civilisation.

A Brother's Tribute

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. BENSON.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT within a comparatively short time after the death of a relative, dearly loved, a brother can place on record and present to the world intimate and personal reminiscences of his kinsman shows that either he is willing to sacrifice any shrinking he may have with regard to making public close associations and tender memoirs, for the benefit and interest of many readers, or that he is not of a particularly sensitive disposition and sees no reason why all should not share in what he has to reveal. From the account contained in the present book, and from other writings of this gifted family, it would appear that as a whole they are not particularly troubled with over-sensitiveness. With a keen appreciation of the beautiful, literary talents, and artistic taste none of them seems to have possessed the irritable, highly-strung nature, so often allied to these qualities. Mother, brothers and sisters could all calmly reason with and criticise one another; the Archbishop, although devoted to his family, was a little more remote, and took life very seriously, reading into small actions a tendency which must be either checked or encouraged.

Hugh, the youngest child, showed no indication during his early years of the talents and abilities which were afterwards to bring him a large public for his books and enthusiastic queues waiting to hear his sermons. After a rather uneventful career at school and college he was ordained and took up mission work in the East End amid surroundings not very much to his taste. The particular church to which he was attached was Evangelical in tone, and there was no outlet for the artistic impulse now beginning to dawn in the

young curate's soul. Mirfield seemed to hold out greater possibilities, and here he spent some pleasant years until he renounced the Church of his fathers and his country for that of Rome. Mr. Benson honestly confesses that he does not understand why the Church of England did not satisfy his brother—in fact, why on account of its greater liberty of thought and extension of freedom it did not appeal to a nature always ready to decide for itself and follow a distinctive line of action.

However, there was no unpleasantness with the family on account of the youngest member joining a foreign Church. Hugh always found in his mother a deep and earnest sympathiser with all his numerous troubles and conflicts. In this instance, as always, she was tactful and reasonable, simply asking him to deliberate longer and not to take rash or hasty steps. His final decision is well known; also his career as a faithful and devoted member of the Roman Church until his death last year.

As an appreciation of a man united by one of the strongest of family ties to the author, it would be difficult to find a juster estimate, or one less likely to ignore the faults and deficiencies of him who inspired the memoirs. An ardent and energetic spirit, throwing himself heartily and fearlessly into any venture, any undertaking upon which he had set his heart, Father Hugh feared neither criticism nor abuse. He lived his life to the full, enjoying every moment, every hour of his strenuous existence, and although attached to a Church which brooks no questioning of her authority, he yet managed to shape his own destiny greatly in the manner he himself desired. No enormous sacrifice of personal inclination, affection or ambition did this cleric place on the altar of renunciation; he fixed his mind upon what he wished to achieve, guided his steps in the direction most likely to lead to the goal and usually obtained his object. This was not done in a spirit of self-assertion, nor were necessary duties shirked, but the personal force was so great, the energy so tremendous that it was hardly possible for anything to stand against the combination.

Of course, in a book in which parsons figure there must always be anecdotes, and Father Hugh did not hesitate to relate any amusing incident, even if it were against himself or the Church he served. In the days when he preached from written notes he once forgot his manuscript. He—

was allowed to remain in the vestry during the service, writing out notes on the insides of envelopes torn open, with the stump of a pencil which would only make marks at a certain angle. The service proceeded with a shocking rapidity, and when he got to the pulpit, spread out his envelopes, and addressed himself to the consideration on the blessings of the Harvest, he found on drawing to an end that he had only consumed about four minutes. He went through the whole again, slightly varying the phraseology, and yet again repeated the performance.

An unsatisfactory novice was once expelled from a religious house for serious faults. Father Hugh's

notion was that he was expelled because "he used to fall asleep at meditation, and snore so loud that he awoke the elder brethren."

The illustrations to the book are very good, and in the preface Mr. Benson states that an official biography of his brother will be written by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., in whose hands he has placed all papers necessary for the task. Father Martindale's volume can hardly be of more interest or a more faithful and unbiased record of an eventful life than that compiled by the present author.

Two Wondrous Beings

Man and Woman. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. New Edition. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s. net.)

MOST students of the subjects which Mr. Havelock Ellis has made his life-work will be inclined to think that, if, by some turn of the cosmic wheel, humanity was blotted off the earth, leaving him as its solitary survivor, he would be perfectly able to describe and reconstruct its peculiarities for the benefit of whatever race of beings might take its place. He corresponds, in his chosen province of the investigation of mankind, to the late Professor Lecky in his searching inquiry into the history and development of European morals; both were tireless, keenly analytic, severely just; each read practically every document of value bearing upon his work; and both have achieved the fame of authorities in their different, yet not unconnected, spheres.

In this revised and enlarged edition—the fifth—of a remarkably able treatise on the secondary human sexual characters, the reader will find himself at a loss if he expects any conclusions to be reached on such a matter as the alleged "inferiority of women." "We may regard all such discussion as absolutely futile and foolish," says the author. "Now and again we come across facts which group themselves with a certain degree of uniformity, but, as we continue, we find other equally important facts which group themselves with equal uniformity in another sense. The result produces compensation." In other words, all this exhaustive inquiry leads to nothing definite; but it by no means follows that the work is not worth doing. During its course we follow any number of most fascinating by-ways of research and experience. With the expert physiological chapters, crowded with detail and reference, the medical and professional journals are more concerned; they are of extreme interest, but these columns are hardly suitable for comment upon them; the sections devoted to intellectual and emotional contrasts and variations between man and woman, however, give themes upon which many an illuminating and provocative article might be based. "Women are trained to accept conventional standards," says the author, and quotes Burdach—"Women take truth as they find it, while men want to create truth." And it seems of no use to worry about it, though it complicates life; men and women are made so, and there's an end of it. Occasionally, touching upon literary matters, Mr. Ellis

fixes a point of thought. "It is difficult to recall examples of women who have patiently and slowly fought their way at once to perfection and to fame in the face of complete indifference, like, for instance, Balzac." He mentions Herbert Spencer's remarks on George Eliot: "In her case, as in others, the mental powers so highly developed in a woman are in some measure abnormal, and involve a physiological cost which her feminine organisation will not bear without injury more or less profound." In many an acute paragraph we find the results of previous observations crystallised; here is an example:—

Women dislike the essentially intellectual process of analysis; they have the instinctive feeling that analysis may possibly destroy the emotional complexes by which they are largely moved and which appeal to them. Women dislike rigid rules, and principles, and abstract propositions. They feel that they can do the right thing by impulse, without needing to know the rule, and they are restive under the rigid order which a man is inclined to obey upon principle; a woman is inclined to introduce a little variation, Heymans remarks, even in the cooking recipe which is given to her. Similarly, women automatically tend to convert an abstract proposition into a practical concrete case.

"Poets have racked their brains to express and account for this mixture of heaven and hell," says the author. "We see that the key is really a very simple one; both the heaven and hell of women are but aspects of the same physiological affectability. Seeing this, we may see, too, that those worthy persons who are anxious to cut off the devil's tail might find, if they succeeded, that they had also shorn the angel of her wings." He points out the spheres in which women have proved themselves clearly the superiors of men: philanthropy and social work—such a figure as Florence Nightingale has not been equalled by any man; and the spheres of love and the family. It is quite possible to show genius in love, and it is not a kind of genius in which men have often equalled women.

We have noted but two or three points in a book which is of immense value to students in widely differing fields of labour. If it were only for his bringing together of an enormous number of references and quotations from ancient and modern sources, Mr. Ellis would have made reading men his debtors; but there is far more than mere assembling of statistics, experiments, and data of pulse-rates or dimensions of the body in his work. We feel behind it all the spirit of the sincere inquirer, the restless searcher after truth, reverent in the face of mysteries, unafraid to express unconventional opinions when he believes them to be right, and, above all, intensely eager to gain "a more vivid and tolerant insight into what for us must always be the two most interesting beings in the world."

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., are publishing, under the title of "Sir Edward Grey, K.G.: The Man and His Work," at 2s. 6d. net, the first biography of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Shorter Notices

A Family of Poets

The poetic work of the Brontë family is overshadowed by their reputation in the sphere of prose, but in a little collection edited by Mr. A. C. Benson, "Brontë Poems" (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d.), there is much to muse upon. In these lyrics by the three sisters, and by Branwell, the brother, the prevailing mood seems to be that of introspection and melancholy. "They had no knowledge of social forces, no touch with intellectual movements; their interests were homely, their circle was commonplace and demure," says Mr. Benson in his brief critical preface. This explains, to some extent, the outlook, but it also sets us wondering what surprising work in prose and poetry might have come from this gifted group had they moved among larger affairs. The poems of Emily, "silent, impetuous, ardent," are full of beauty, and at times fix in memorable words a scene or an impression:—

The damp stands in the long, green grass
As thick as morning's tears;
And dreamy scents of fragrance pass
That breathe of other years.

She might, one thinks, have been great had she opened to the world and studied the technical aspect of her talent. The other two often merely versify, and the brother is melodiously morbid. His famous portrait of the three sisters is reproduced as a frontispiece, and his picture of Emily; there are also two facsimiles of Emily's manuscript—her writing was minute, and in one of these examples is well-nigh undecipherable. The book is a valuable addition to the literature which has sprung up round the theme, especially as several hitherto unpublished poems are included; it follows that for the first time the best poetical work of the Brontës is now accessible in one volume.

War Problems

All that can seriously affect the ordinary citizen during war-time seems to have been covered by the authors of "War: Its Conduct and Legal Results" (Murray, 10s. 6d. net). Mr. T. Baty and Professor J. H. Morgan need no introduction as authorities. They take their stand largely on that "debatable land which marches between war and peace, the power of 'the Crown' when England is 'at war' without the English realm being in a state of war"—a tract of territory which has never yet been explored, "still less has it been secured by the title of effective occupation." Great Britain's long immunity from a European war has, as they say, created a close season for such problems as occasional contraband. Contracts and trading with an alien enemy are subjects to which even lawyers for a very long time past have given little heed; they are subjects which have been brought to the office desks in grim reality during the past few months. From espionage to the special constable, from billeting to the conduct of hostilities, from Prize Courts to the Press Censorship—such is the comprehensive range taken by the authors. To understand where we are on any one of these questions is the more difficult perhaps because, though Great Britain is at war, the war has not invaded Great Britain. Does this fact "invest the Executive with any power over the persons and property of British subjects which it would not possess in time of peace? The answer we think must be in the negative." Yet the book shows the extent

to which the Executive has, quite justifiably we should say, taken to itself powers which would belong to it if operations were actually being carried on in England.

Fiction

Dr. Whitty. By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM (Canon Hannay). (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE title of George Birmingham's new book inevitably suggests a pun, but we refrain: humour, not wit, makes these pages such entertaining reading. Probably many of the stories will come as old friends to their readers: it is always an open question how much short stories complete in themselves gain or lose by being printed in close company, and, as in the present instance, to form continuous reading; but these considerations will probably affect little the enjoyment of most people. Such a book is very welcome. We do not now turn to the novel for problems, for mental gymnastics, or hairsplitting controversies, but for genuine relaxation, for relief from the anxieties that hang over what is usually the brightest season of the year as a pall. Humour that is wholesome is by contrast unusually agreeable. Of this Dr. Whitty's experiences are full, and if some of it is bought at the expense of English officialdom and of mere commercial candour, we can afford to be benevolent towards the simple guile and true humanity of the genial Irishman. If at moments we seem to see deeper questions lurking behind the apparent ingenuousness of the book, we leave them, content with the knowledge that Ireland is in the hands of her friends. Some of the stories appeal to us as masterpieces of delineation of the Irish temperament, notably the Pier, the Interpreters, and the inimitable account of Mr. Challoner's Suffrage Meeting.

The Making and Breaking of Almansur. By C. M. CRESSWELL. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

A more romantic period for the historical novelist than that of the Moorish rule in Spain would be difficult to find. Yet it has hitherto figured so little in modern fiction that "The Making and Breaking of Almansur" claims a position of its own among the novels of the season. The author displays considerable knowledge of the turbulent days when the petty Christian kings were under the sway of the Moslem, whose conquest was followed by an era of prosperity the indolent natives had never before enjoyed, and has produced a picture of mediæval Spain full of colour and life. Although for the sake of artistic effect Miss Cresswell has taken some liberties with history, as now generally accepted, her story is in the main based on the often conflicting Moorish and Christian annals of the time. The commanding figure of the passionate Almansur, the "Assisted of Allah" and scourge of the Christians, who from a lowly scribe rose to be statesman and warrior and regent of a boy Caliph, is most vividly portrayed, and lives again in these pages. In spite of some excess of detail and a redundancy of Arabic words, the story is a welcome change from the everyday novel of modern life.

Royal Auction

MORE ABOUT DECLARATIONS

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

SO many games at Royal Auction are won from "love all" that the importance of declaring to the score has lost its old significance; but winning the game and the rubber remains the first consideration, and therefore a safe bid that will take one out is always preferable to a more expensive declaration that may fail, and can at best only add a few more points below the line. On the other hand, the beginner should bear in mind that the penalty for failure is the same in every declaration, whether it be clubs or No Trumps. Hence the score should be ignored to the extent of declaring from strength when there is any. But if the strength happens to be clubs or diamonds and the odd trick will make game, there is no object in going for higher points. The same rule applies, of course, to the declarer's partner. It is highly improbable that so humble a bid will be passed at such a stage of the rubber, but, in any case, information has been given to one's partner. And here I would join issue with the many excellent manuals which deprecate the giving of information by an original declaration.

Of course, the elimination of the compulsory bid and the levelling up of the value of the suits have changed the character of the game to this extent. Nevertheless, information of any kind is just as useful as ever, but it should not be misleading. There is no longer any excuse for a feeble declaration; certainly none for a weak No Trumper. No justification can be found for the latter. I would repeat again that a No Trump bid has only a one-trick superiority over spades or hearts. With strength in either of these suits, it is more often than not an easier task to get ten tricks than the nine tricks required for No Trumps. Moreover, if the suit declaration is over-bid or doubled, there remains the higher declaration to fall back upon. In every case, however, the original bid should be a sound one, and the declarant should be prepared to play the hand on its merits if called upon to do so.

Now, it may be asked, what constitutes a sound bid in a suit or No Trump hand? A minimum strength should not be less than the probability of winning four tricks. A player is entitled to credit his partner with holding an even proportion of the remaining nine tricks—the two hands combined thus representing the odd trick. It may transpire, of course, that the partner may hold a Yarborough, but this is no more to be reckoned upon than that he holds the four aces. The four tricks in the dealer's hand may consist of only the trump suit—*i.e.*, the three top honours and two other of the suit, or two in the trump suit and two in other suits. Top honours in trumps, however, are a *sine qua non*; at least the ace or the king, queen. There may be only four trumps as long as they are ace, king, queen, and another. This is a sounder original bid than the queen to six or seven. Aces and kings are the backbone of a sound hand at Royal Auction. Make that an axiom in your study of the game.

I have noticed, even amongst competent players, uncertainty as to what to declare when holding equal strength in two suits. The uncertainty is understandable when there is no recognised principle for guidance. In this case there are two principles: first, to make the highest bid consonant with safety, so as to force the adversaries up; second, to give as much information as possible to one's partner. Let us suppose that the dealer holds five good hearts and five good diamonds. His first call is a heart. He is overcalled by eldest hand with a spade. His partner does not support him in hearts. His next bid can be two diamonds. His partner by this time knows that his hand consists mainly of the two red suits and practically nothing else, and can act accordingly. The same principle of forcing up the opponents applies in the case of a hand containing exceptional strength in one suit and nothing else. I have seen perplexity on the face of the uninitiated when a dealer starts off with a bid of two or three of a suit. Let us take an instance of an original two-spade declaration. To cover this entails a bid of two No Trumps or three in any of the other suits. Moreover, the dealer's partner learns that the spade suit is absolutely assured, and therefore he can put up the bidding to the full strength of his winning cards in other suits. These are points which make all the difference in the combination of the two hands which should never be regarded as separate entities.

I have dealt here mainly with the original declaration from dealer. In a further article I shall cover the considerations which should guide subsequent bidding and the subject of the double and re-double.

The Theatre

An Essay in Revue

MOST people will think that Sir James Barrie is clever enough to do anything well which he undertakes, and his "Rosy Rapture," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is as good as any other *revue*. It certainly possesses many lively touches which we believe Sir James alone among our writers would be able to give; it also lacks much that we hoped for. But for one or two unhappy chances this author has never failed us. We turn to him with simple trust when our hopes are lowest and our artistic spirit most abased. This time he obviously makes a great effort to cheer his audience, but the attempt is rather forced upon our senses throughout the whole of the seven scenes. However, he is admirably supported by the clever lyrics of Mr. Mark, the gay music of Mr. Darewski and Mr. Crook and the accomplished people who invent dances and costumes, scenery, cinematograph and mechanical business. And then there is one of the finest companies possible for the purposes of burlesque led by Miss Gaby Deslys. This lady plays the part of one who has been the pride of a famous beauty chorus and has married Lord Lil Languor, Mr. Jack Norworth, produced a

wonderful baby, and grown to be very bored about eight o'clock every evening—when the theatres open. The rest of the story leads up to how to be happy though at home, and it gives plenty of chances of seeing Miss Deslys dance in beautiful frocks, and in general present the charm of her personality to the public. There is a good deal of fun for Mr. Norworth, and a little for Mr. Eric Lewis as some sort of butler, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine makes the most of a character we at first hoped well of—Dudley, who has to force his way into the play wherever possible and who wishes to be very wicked, but is always thought to be good. The best scene in the rather long revue is "somewhere in France," where an English Tommy and a French girl try to make love, while one of them bears in mind the excellent advice of "K. of K." Of course, Miss Deslys and Mr. Norworth make it go splendidly, but even less clever or attractive people would be a success in this part of the play. The staging is excellent; we wish the wit were not so sought for and the effort to shine not quite so obvious.

"The New Word"

PERHAPS we have rather too often asked audiences to be in time for first pieces, but we risk it again in the case of Sir James' "fireside scene." The little play sets forth with delightful delicacy the awkward and deep feelings of an elderly father, Mr. O. B. Clarence, and his young son, Mr. Geoffrey Wilmer. The boy has just put his uniform on, and is about to join his corps. The mother, made very real by Miss Helen Haye, wants to see some sign of the affection which the two feel for each other but never express. She has her reward eventually; in the meanwhile we get some sound sentiment and real comedy. Our own idea is that Sir James is showing us a father and son of several generations ago; we have known so many of these relations who were the best of pals, and had no difficulty in expressing the honest love they bore each other. That may be a personal point of view; at any rate Sir James is himself in "The New Word," and that is enough. His actors do him every justice. We know what the new word is, but we hope future audiences at the Duke of York's will be in time to find out for themselves.

EGAN MEW.

A mass of material relating to book sales is about to be made accessible to the public in a work to be issued by the British Museum, dealing with the auctions which took place between the years 1676 and 1900, arranged chronologically. This will be invaluable for reference; nothing has before been attempted on the same scale, and the task of tracing the vicissitudes of a rare book will be rendered much easier by the index of owners, prices, and names of various purchasers. The labour of preparing this "List of Catalogues of English Book Sales" must have been enormous, and the demand should be great.

MOTORING

THE A.A. and M.U. has for some time past been in communication with the Home Office and the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis on the subject of the establishment of a standard lighting power for the guidance of motorists, as to the maximum intensity of light allowable under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm regulations. Up to the present, the motorist has had the choice of adopting, or trying to adopt, an unofficial military standard of a maximum thirty yards' beam, or an unofficial police standard prohibiting any light more powerful than that of the ordinary taxi oil lamps, and the satisfaction of knowing that, to whichever of these he tried to conform, he constantly ran the risk of prosecution for a breach of orders. To put a definite end to the existing uncertainty, the A.A. has carefully considered the results of certain tests and forwarded its report to the Home Office, and it is gratifying to note that the Secretary of State has accepted the Association's offer of assistance. Motorists may now look forward to an authoritative definition of their duties in this lighting matter at an early date.

The Association is in need of a few more closed cars for taking wounded soldiers out for drives, open cars being unsuitable for many of the serious cases which require to be dealt with. Members able to assist in this direction are earnestly requested to communicate with the A.A. and M.U. War Department, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.

For obvious reasons motorists will have to confine their Easter tours to the British Isles this year. The Touring department of the Association is therefore making special arrangements for supplying members with suitable routes, and applications for such assistance should be sent in as early as possible.

Motorists should note that "powerful" lights are now being prohibited in Datchet, Eton, Slough, Maidenhead, Cookham, Windsor, and Reading, and they are advised to be careful to reduce their lights before entering the Metropolitan Police area. A.A. patrols are stationed on many of the principal main roads leading into London, up to 10 p.m., to stop and warn members not complying with the regulations.

A whist drive, under the auspices of the National Book Trade Provident Society, will be held on Friday, April 16, at Caxton Hall Cabin's Restaurant, Tothill Street, Westminster (one minute from St. James's Park Station). The committee desire that an early application should be made for tickets, in order that all arrangements may be made for tables, etc. A number of prizes will be given by members of the trade—three for highest scores (ladies), three gentlemen, and one consolation prize. The prizes will be presented by Frank Hanson, Esq., president of the London branch. Doors open at 7.30 for 8 p.m. prompt. Morning dress. Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, including supper, may be obtained from all booksellers, any member of the committee, or direct from Mr. A. W. Gibbs, 22, Ashbourne Avenue, Golder's Green, N.W., or the hon. lecture secretary, Cecil Palmer, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

The City

THE tone of the City has become much more cheerful, and there has been quite an access of business on the Stock Exchange. The new Canadian 4½ per cent. loan has been a pronounced success, the War Loan developed activity which carried the price beyond 94½, and other first-class securities have shown a decided inclination to improve. The Money Market was heartened by the news that two millions' worth of bullion from South Africa had escaped the attentions of the German submarines, and the announcement that the Bahia 5 per cent. coupon due in November last is to be paid has helped to relieve apprehensions as to South Americans generally. Canadian Pacifics have been supported on the return showing that economies in working have more than made good loss in traffic earnings. Rubbers and Oils have both been in request. What may be the effect of peace, whenever it comes, on raw rubber no one can say : it may mean the flooding of the market with stocks now held up, or it may mean such a demand for repair purposes that supplies will be depleted. The general belief is that the future will be very bright for the rubber-producing companies, and at quoted prices there are unquestionably some bargains to be picked up.

Great Britain cannot hope after the war to resume her trade relations with Germany on the pre-war scale, but she should find more than compensation in the Russian markets. Russia will certainly be only too ready to keep out the Germans who had batten on to her business and to let in the British who help her enterprises without attempting to secure monopolies and run the whole country. In an excellent note the *Times* has drawn attention to the immense new opportunities which Russia presents for British trade. Are we preparing to take advantage of them? The *Times* says plans are already being thought out to this end. It adds : "If British traders, however, are to obtain proper support for their enterprise, they will require well-organised financial backing, and in this respect there is also a need for timely preparation. We have noticed lately signs of extensions of our joint-stock banking to France. It is still more important that extensions to Russia should be under contemplation, for the British banking facilities available in Petrograd or Moscow will make all the difference to the success of new commercial ventures. It can hardly be premature to suggest to our great joint-stock banks that the question of starting branches there—a course which, we believe, the Russian Government would welcome—is well worth serious consideration. If anything is to be done in this way, however, it must be preceded by proper organisation. The country and its conditions must be studied, and the language learnt, by those likely to be put in charge, and a beginning cannot be made too soon in laying these foundations. No brilliant impromptu will compensate in such an enterprise for neglect of preliminary spade-work."

The Straits Rubber Company is, of course, one of the best, and it may be trusted to do well in almost any state of the markets. Results for 1914 yield rather less total profits, but the directors propose dividends amounting to 40 per cent. as against the 37½ per cent. distributed for 1913. Such results are the result of past foresight combined with economy and efficiency in working in the present.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution is one of the big societies which derive large profits from the support of small people. It issued 3,223 policies in 1914 for £1,110,557, of which only £30,000 was reassured. Its premium income was just short of three quarters of a million, and its funds now

amount to £10,337,121. Mortality claims amounted to well under 75 per cent. of anticipation—a handsome margin.

The decline in the profits of the Standard Bank of South Africa is surprisingly small in view of the troubles South Africa has had to face in the last few months. After making allowances on account of depreciated securities, etc., the profit for 1914 amounts to £285,000, against £338,600 for 1913. The dividend for the year is 14 per cent., and £100,440 is carried forward, against £52,092 brought in—a cautious policy which is eminently wise.

The Government are looking more and more to the financial litterateur for business guidance. Sir George Paish has been called in on more than one occasion, and now Mr. Hartley Withers has been appointed Director of Financial Inquiries in the Treasury. Mr. Withers has had 20 years' experience of financial journalism; he has written books on financial subjects, and has been City Editor of both the *Times* and the *Morning Post*.

An Offer to Readers of "The Academy."

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CORRESPONDENCE

PATRIOTS AND MR. BART KENNEDY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It may be a misconception on my part, but I always thought that the title of an article had some relation to the whole of the article and not merely to a few opening paragraphs. Mr. Bart Kennedy, however, appears to think otherwise, for after using the word in a satirical sense to describe the people he meets in "pub and club," he seems altogether to have forgotten the heading of his article, or, in other words, what he intended to write about, and meanders on with the usual abuse of the Huns and the German nation in general.

As far as I can gather there is no connection or consistence in Mr. Kennedy's statements. He begins by blaming his friends of the "pub and club" for being dissatisfied with the work of the British Navy; yet if Mr. Churchill and Admiral Jellicoe can be trusted to take care of our naval defence why should not equal trust be placed in Lord Kitchener and Sir John French? No! Mr. Kennedy could manage that department better. "This thirty-year age limit is nonsense. Some of the best fighters in the Boer War were between sixty and seventy," prates this gentleman, who cannot even be accurate with regard to so trivial a matter as the age limit, to say nothing of the fact that most likely "the best fighters in the Boer War" who "were between sixty and seventy years" of age had seen active service before, and were not taken straight from Mr. Kennedy's favourite "pub and club" and placed in the fighting line.

If the conclusion of the article be intended for a rousing battle-cry it again misses the mark. If Mr. Kennedy will take the trouble once more to verify his facts before rushing into print he will learn that one of the chief complaints of the Volunteers is that there are no rifles for them to carry; they would willingly carry their own and someone else's as well if these desirable weapons could be spared. Yours truly,

M. F. H.

Tankerton.

"THE PRICE OF NOVELS, ETC."*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Dear Sir,—I have read Mr. Shaylor's letter in your issue of March 20, commenting on a statement by Mr. W. L. George: "That several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them nothing on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all." I would not go quite as far as Mr. George, but I can and do assert from experience at this office that publishers not infrequently make contracts on the lines set out by Mr. George, and I may add that on several occasions I have known them break up the type after printing the requisite number free of royalty, making it impossible for them to reproduce further editions at a profit to the author. I regret to say that some of the publishers who have been guilty of this practice are publishers whose names stand prominently before the public. Yours truly,

G. HERBERT THRING, Secretary.

The Incorporated Society of Authors,
Playwrights and Composers,
1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W.
March 25, 1915.

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